

I Wish I Could Love Him

by Mica Lynn Lauro

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Summary: It starts out as a simple church lock-in. Then a group of kids get the shock of their lives as their friends start to be picked off one by one, and the only way to stop this madness is ...well read the story. Rated T for now.

1. Chapter 1

Dear Readers,

**Okay so this is my first Halloween fanfiction. Please don't be too harsh, but critism is welcome. **

**Sincerely, **

SamAnne-C

School, I hate it. Church youth group, I love it. Our youth group asked the local middle school if we could hold a summer camp lock-in. They agreed.

I was brushing my teeth when I heard a scream from the hallway. I ran into the hallway and saw my, irritating, friend's head in the hands of Michael Meyers. He looked up and saw me. I started to run towards the other people who "volunteered" to help set up and stay a couple nights. They are also known as the friends I forced to go. They were snooping in Pettus' classroom.

"He's come," I panted.

"Zeph. That sounds wrong," Trix said.

"I'm not kidding. Michael Meyers is here!" I said.

"What?" Connor said half afraid, half disbelief.

"He's following me. We've got to get out of hereâ€¦alive," I said. A shadow passed by the door. I pointed to the door to Smith's room. We silently moved to the door. I pressed my ear to the wall. Nothing then, BOOM! I jumped up and ran for the other door followed by everyone else.

Here's what I should've done: run out of the school. This is what I actually did: ran deeper into the school. We went through the gym, behind the stage, in the hallway separating the locker rooms.

"What are we going to do?" Joshua asked.

"What do you think, die? No, we will survive," I whispered.

"We need to devise a more specific plan, Phyre," Xavier said. We heard the room connected to the hallway open. I pointed to the shadows. Michael in the hall but he just walked through. Joshua jumped up and ran to the room's door.

"No, idiot," I hissed. Meyers had apparently known this would happen, because his response time was faster than a cat's.

**A/N- **

**Dear Readers, **

**Sorry, it was so short, but I was typing it and this seemed like a good place to stop. I will update if I get 5 reviews. I will get the next part out when I get it typed up and enough reviews.**

**Thanks, **

**SamAnne-C**

2. Chapter 2

**A/N: Well here it is your next chapter! Sorry that I didn't get it out sooner my computer decided it didn't like the internetâ€¦ I decided to rewrite the rest of the story because I don't like the way it went. I hope you still like it the sameâ€¦.Without further adieuâ€¦ **

There was a sickening thunk. I opened my eyes slightly. Joshua was lying on the ground his head turned at an unnatural angle. I glanced at Xavier he was staring befuddled. I didn't have time to comfort him.

The groups' reaction time was delayed. Once I snapped out of the trance, I urged them to run. Xavier still stunned was dragged by his wrists.

"Trix, I'll get his attention. Don't come back for me, I'll find youâ€¦somehow," I said.

"Don't say that, your coming with us, now," she demanded.

"No, I'm not this is just like freaking mat ball! Would you rather get one person out or the whole group! If I do end up dying, make

this place burn like fireworks," I said smiling. She grinned.

"And if you don't?" she questioned in a kind of off tonedly** (I like my new word**!).

"Don't sound so depressed, Trix, we'll still make it burn. Now go!" I yelled. I waved my hands wildly grabbing Michael's interest.

"Hey, Michael, hey, look, stop a minute," I said, but to no avail.

"Michael, I have a secret, I want to be the only one to know about it. I think I might possibly, kind of, maybe, be in love with you," I said. He actually stopped and cocked his head to the side.

"Yeah, ever since I saw you. I told my friends, they said I was absolutely insane for liking you butâ€|" I said. I kept backing up. I tripped up and fell down. I looked up to find Michael trying to grab my arm. I barely scrambled backwards before he finally succeeded. I saw him raise the knife. I expected to feel an extreme searing pain followed by warm blood pooling around me, but I didn't.

Well, I did feel searing pain followed by warm blood oozing from my arm, but I'll take that over the first pain.

When he released my arm, I stumbled away. Okay that didn't go how I planned. I bolted to the hallway. I grasped my arm in attempt to slow the bleeding. I know that I knew the school better than my house, but I could not for the life of me figure out where they would run to. I decided to that I need to start thinking like them.

"_If I were running from a (hot) psychotic maniac, where would I go?"
_ I started to head to the cafeteria.

"I'm sorry you don't feel the same way Michael, but just because someone likes you doesn't mean you can run around killing them," I said taking the long way around. I heard a footstep close behind me. I started running.

"ZePhyre! Over here!" I heard Nico say. Just then the sprinklers went off filling the room with a misty white haze.

"Umm, if you haven't noticed I kinda can't see," I yelled. I felt cold metal brush my arm, the fire extinguisher. I grabbed it and sprayed it all over the hallway making it harder to walk.

"Where are you?" I hissed.

"Office," he whispered. He grabbed my arm and slipped into the office.

A/N: Huh? How did you like it? Reviews are completely welcome! No flamesâ€|that is considered rude in many societiesâ€| Yeah, I went thereâ€|Ahhâ€|I'm weird.

3. Chapter 3

**A/N: Hey, umm so I was wondering if maybe you all wanted a Michael's POV for this story? If you want it or not just let me know

through the reviews or message me. Those that say yes, tell me if you think I should put it in the middle, end, or as a completely different story, but just like put in the summary that it's the different POVâ€|. I don't know just I thought of an idea for it, but you know the reader's always writeâ€|haha no pun intendedâ€|. just kidding it was completely intended. Now close your eyes as you enter the world of imaginationâ€|...**

"What happened to you, Connor?" I asked.

"Oh you know the usual, running from Michael," he said.

"Not possible. He was with me," I said.

"Told you she would find out," Trix said.

"So you did believe I would come back," I said sarcastically.

"What happened to your arm?" Nico asked.

"Nothing, so what happened when I was gone?" I asked.

"Connor got a knife and ended up stabbing himself," Trix remarked.

"Was not, I was defending you guys when Michael Meyers' ninjas came at me like 'Bro what you doin' with that knife' and stabbed me," Connor said.

"Yeah, right Connor whatever floats your boat," I said, rolling my eyes. I walked over to Scarlette and Angel [the cutest emo couple ever (not meaning emo as an insult I apologize if I offended anyone)â€|(Angel is a guy)] in the whole entire world.

"He's still down about his brother," Scarlette said.

"You should talk to him, you're good at making people happy, again," Angel said. I glared at him

"Why thanks let me deal with the depressed boy," I said sourly.

"Well, hey all of us have tried to talk to him but he either runs and we have to follow him so we don't get separated or just completely ignores us," he said.

"Let me guess who he ran away from," I joked. I went and sat next to Xavier.

"I don't need your pity," he said, sourly. I couldn't say I blamed him. He just lost his brother, and everybody tried to make him feel better.

"Nice try, but pity wasn't what I was going for. I was going to offer you some comfort and sympathy," I said. He glared at me.

"Look, I know how you feel," I said.

"That's what everyone says, in all actuality you don't. You didn't lose your brother," he almost yelled. I turned and looked hesitantly

around.

"Except I did when I was ten. Gabriel got really, really sick, pneumonia or something, and died. I was supposed to watch him and try to keep his temperature down. He died in my arms, when he was six, bitch, don't you talk to me about not knowing. I lost my god-damn grandfather at three, brother at ten, aunt at eleven, an my sister to her education and her asshole of a boyfriend, Nicholas, when I started middle school. So don't you ever even talk to me about not know loss or any fucking thing else," I screamed. I got up and stomped off. I felt Xavier's hand on my shoulder. I shrugged it off.

"I don't want you pity," I said. He looked down.

"What's the plan?" I asked, bitterness still lingering in my words.

"We are going to go back to the gym and see if they have any bow and arrows laying around or anything else," Trix said.

"Yeah right, like they'd be lying around. No they have that shit under lock and fucking key," I said. There was a loud crashing, shattery noise followed by a gurgly scream. We all turned and saw Xavier in the hands of Michael Meyers. I felt a tsunami of guild wash over me. I ran out of the office. I plowed towards the sadistic murderer. I started thrashing my arms and legs against the wall of rock hard flesh. He let go and advanced toward me. I stumbled backwards.

"Oh shit, oh shit, go! Run! I'm right behind you," I yelled. I scrambled backwards. I heard the office door close and I got up and ran. I pushed anything my hands touched into his path. We had the advantage around two corners. I noticed Xavier between Nico and Angel.

"Come on we need to go to the upper floor. No, I mean, err, umm, the uhh, JROTC room," I mumbled, distracted by Xaviers wounds. I stumbled.

"Are you alright, Zeph.?" Scarlette asked hesitantly.

"I'm fine," I barked, "just the adrenaline, not my thing." I started to pace walk to the JROTC room. My mind started to wander.

—"Maybe if I didn't yell at him, Michael wouldn't have found out." — My thoughts were interrupted by a hand on my arm. I turned and smacked it away, hard. I breathed.

"Oww!" Angel whimpered.

"Sorry, Angel," I said. I saw Xavier and looked down.

"We didn't know how serious his injuries were," Angel trailed off. I looked up. Angel mouthed the word blind. I gaped. I threw my hands to my face.

—"Why is it always met this crap happens to?" — I asked myself. Xavier tugged on my shirt.

"What Xavier?" I asked. We continued walking in silence for awhile, him holding onto my sleeve.

"I wanted to talk to you," he said.

"About what?" I asked.

"About your brother, and how you coped," he said slowly.

"I, umm, I was in denial for awhile, everyone does when they go through something traumatic, right? Then I put all the blame on myself. I cut myself, until one night, I cut a little too deep, and no one was home. I stopped it, but had to wear long sleeves for a long time. Even during the summer, like when we met smart people summer school," I said.

"This is really helping, but I'm intrigued, go on," he insisted.

"I stopped cutting myself. Time heals all wounds. Now what I suggest you to do: get out of here alive, and honor his memory. He's in a better place now," I said.

"What?" he asked utterly shocked.

"You heard me, living through catastrophes makes you stronger. Don't do what I did, I was wrong. You can survive this. It's what he would want you to do," I said. We reached the building, I opened the door.

"Don't turn on any lights that's like setting off a flare saying, 'Hey I'm right here murderer, come and get me.'" I said. Xavier chuckled.

"If we can't turn on the lights how can we search for weapons?" Connor asked.

"We're not, yet. Wait until morning," I said.

"What? What if he finds us?" Scarlette asked.

"You all have never been in the basement, have you?" I asked, grinning devilishly.

** A/N: I just noticed that this has been the longest chapter so farâ€|I thinkâ€|Review pleaseâ€|You guys just give me so much inspiration. Seriously, I usually never continue stories once there outâ€|. I don't know but it just kinda freaks me outâ€|. Happy Trails, say no to drugs, stay in school, stuff like thatâ€|Bye!...for now.:D**

4. Chapter 4

A/N: So I just remembered that I forgot the disclaimer all these chapters. So here it is and applies to all chapters:

** Any recognizable characters, plots, themes, or clothing brands are the proud work of their respective owners. This applies to any quotes, from books/movies/commercials. My only works include the school, ZePhyre, Trix, the random girl at the beginning that died,

Scarlette, Rebecca, Xavier, Joshua, Connor, Nico, Angel, and the random words that I use. Any use of these characters with unauthorized permission is not nice. The only exception to this demanded suggestion is if the original authors. In this case, which is highly unlikely, I am honored to be of service. Thank you for all those who actually read all the way through this, here is a cookie! Ooops! sorry it's oatmeal.*

"The school has a basement? I never knew that and my mother is the school's nurse," Trix said.

"My sister!" Xavier yelled. Realization hit me!.

"Dammit, how could ZePhyre forget your sister?" Nico blamed.

"I'm so sorry, Xavier"

"Now she's going to say that there isn't anything she can do for her now, isn't that right, Miss I'm so hot Phyre?" Nico interrupted. My face started to turn red.

"Zeph..! Zeph! Stop don't! Don't turn into the murderer you were meant to be. You're wasting precious time you could be using to find Rebecca!" Trix said, holding me back from ripping off Nico's abbreviated piece of nothing's head. I stopped, now I felt even guiltier that Xavier had to explain to his sister that their brother was dead. I felt for the key to the basement and went to the trap door. I unlocked it and shoved the key into Trix's hand.

"Take this find the sabers and rifles! Don't let anybody in unless it's me then let me in.,"

"How will I know that it's you?" Trix asked.

"How about 'Nico must die,'?" I asked.

"He"

"Shut up you don't have a say in this," I interrupted Nico.

"Yeah that's fine," she said.

"You should take someone with you. And you should take a stop by the nurses' office get supplies. I don't want Rebecca seeing me like this," Xavier said.

"No, I don't want to risk someone else's life, I've already killed off too many of you," I said, grabbing a messenger bag. I threw it across my shoulder.

"No, you should go with someone, so if you die or something I still get my sister," Xavier pushed.

"Okay, jeesh, who do I want to take that I can deal with dying? NICO!" I said.

"Zeph.., don't," Trix started.

"Too, late he started it," I said.

"Did not," he retorted.

"Make yourself useful find another bag like this, I have a feeling that we're going to need it," I remarked.

"Oh, yeah, like the feeling that you didn't have when you forgot Rebecca," Nico said. I glared at him.

"Do. Not. Test. Me. Little. Boy. I'm not in the mood to deal with you being a bitch, right now," I said, warningly.

"Little boy? I am not little! Asshole!" he shouted.

"Stop yelling, remember what happen last time people yelled? That's not what your dad said last night. Whore," I quipped.

"He"

"Just shut up and find a bag," I said.

"Damn, dat bitch is a ho not to be tested," Connor said.

"Your not gangsta," I said.

"Don't hate, don't ruin my fun," Connor replied.

"Whatever," I laughed, rolling my eyes.

"Found one!" Nico shouted across the room.

"Alright, come one. Merry meet, merry part, and merry meet again *(yes that is a part from the House of Night series, again the credit goes all to Kristin and P.C Castel) **my dear friends," I said.

"What the fuck is she talking about," Connor asked as we left.

"Just shut up you're ruining the dramatic moment," Trix said with a swift thunk to the head.

Now the author's note regarding the story: So how'd ya like it. I just thought it would be kinda nice to attempt to through in a little humor from Connor beforeâ|.haha you thought I was gong to reveal some of the plot, all I'm going to say about that is ummâ|hmmm. I thought it would be good to through in some humor from Connor before things get a tad more serious. Please review, thank you and good night, sleep tight, don't let Gollum from Lord of The Rings choke you and you wake up and hit him in the head and then you run away to tell someone and when they go check Gollum mysteriously disappears. Then you go back to sleep and you wake up and you are climbing the creepy stairs that you have no idea how Frodo and Sam stumbled/fell down and didn't break something or cut their feet and then get into a fight with him and he end up pushing you into the volcanoâ|Yeah that might be a little painful and full of ungoodnessâ| yeah.. Happy Birthday, Seasons Tidings and such.

5. Chapter 5

We ran through the halls stealthily hiding around corners or in

doorways anytime we felt like we were being followed. Nico and I came to the part of the hall where there were no doors or corners to hide around.

"Stop, Rebecca is in the home economics trailer, and we have to get Rebecca," I whispered.

"Yeah, so?" Nico said oblivious.

"We have to go around blind corners, he could be waiting for us around one of those," I explained.

"We need a mirror," he said catching on.

"But here's the catch, neither of us have one on us, I don't think anyway," I breathed.

"We could get some from the bathrooms, one for each of us then one for everyone else," he said hushed.

"Right, I vote we split up. Great, I'll be waiting in the nurses' office," I said, dashing off. As soon as I got to the doorway, I slowly turned the knob and peeked in.

"No one, perfect. How come it never seems this easy in horror movies?" I slipped in and started stuffing my bag with everything from ointments to bandages to painkillers. I saw a small taser on the desk. I laughed to myself. I made sure it was on safety and stuck it in my bag. I saw a mirror and decided to add it to our collection. I wiped off the griminess and in the background of the reflection I saw none other than Michael Meyers.

"Shit..shit, shit, shit, shit. I was doing so well. I hadn't seen him for like and hour. Grr," I said.

"Why must you always show up at the most inconvenient times?" I yelled he backed me into a corner. I saw a way out. I was about to execute that plan, when he grabbed my arm. I hate screaming it makes me sound to much like a girl, but I ended up screaming anyway. The cut he had given me before started to burn like Hades' inferno. I meanâ€œif you can think of what it's like to burn inside a fireproof safe, yeah kind of like that. Oh except it hurt a lot more. I fell to the ground and was given the perfect opportunity to take my escape route, but if you had just been through that much pain I bet you'd be a little disoriented too. Fortunately, I didn't dwell on the after-hurt of it too incredibly long and crawled through his legs and out the door.

He grabbed my shoe but I decided it would probably look better on him than on my dead body. I ran through the crevice-less hall and into the guys' bathroom. I didn't think he would ever look for me there.

"ZePh" I covered Nico's mouth. He nodded, I dragged him into a stall and we both stood so you couldn't see our feet. We heard footsteps, then the banging of stall doors opening and hitting the walls. The banging got closer. A sweet little voice came from the hall. I looked at Nico and mouthed one word, and he understoodâ€œRebeccaâ€œ

"Zavy? Is that you? I heard yelling and banging and I got as scared," Rebecca said. I took a deep breath. I grabbed a hold of the walls and kicked the door open. It flew off the hinges and hit him in the back.

"Zavy?" Rebecca called.

"Rebecca, honey, it's Zeph, stay out there, okay?" I said, trying to move as fast as I could to get around the body and to the door. Nico took the much less cautious way and jumped on top of where Michael's head would be under the door. We heard a sickening gushy crack before we left the urine-stained bathroom. We flew out of there, I picked up Rebecca and we started running back to headquarters. At some time I had gotten ahead of Nico, and when I turned around to make sure he was following, he ended up becoming the next victim of the psychotic child murderer.

"Go!" was the last thing he choked out. I blinked back tears, as much as I hated him sometimes he was a good friend during others. I turned and bolted towards the room where my friends are locked. I kept glancing behind me to make sure I still had a lead on him. I could still hear screaming when I forged into the freezing rain. I made sure that I wiped my feet and entered the JROTC building.

"Nico is dead," I whispered by the door to the basement. The door flew open. Trix gave me one look and understood that Nico was dead. Tears started to roll down her face. She had liked him since she had met him.

We climbed down the stairs in silence.

"I'm sooo hungry," I heard Angel say. We got to the bottom of the stairs. Everyone turned to face who the people they thought would be coming back. The room was filled with silence.

"What? What's wrong? What happened?" Xavier asked.

"Xavy?" Rebecca asked groggily. She started to turn her head. I put my hand over her eyes, I didn't want her to see Xavier like this.

"Hey, Rebecca, why don't you go with Trix?" I told her quietly.

"NO! I WANT TO SEE XAVY!" she shouted.

"Do what Zephyre tells you Rebie, go with Trix," Xavier said pulling his shirt up over his eyes. She made her pouty face, but went with her. I walked quietly over to where Xavier was sitting. I touched his arm.

"I'm not kidding Rebecca"

"Shh, calm down it's me," I said. I was tired, exhausted, from running, trauma, blood-loss, and overall stress.

"Oh, what happened?" He asked.

"We lost Nico," I said quietly.

"What do you mean lost? He could still be in the school or maybe

called for help outside of school," He started.

"No, Xavier, we lost him from this immediate world. Now, pull down your shirt," I said. A moment of realization hit the room.

"Of, course how could I be so stupid, our phones," I said. We all pulled out our phones and checked service.

"I got nothing," Scarlette said.

"Me either," Angel answered.

"Cero," Connor joined.

>"Nurp," Trix said from the corner playing with Rebecca.<p>

"Does mine have anything?" Xavier said pushing his phone towards me.

"Not on either of ours," I said, condemning our idea.

"Maybe it's because we're underground," suggested Scarlette. There was silence as I cleaned and bandaged Xavier's eyes.

"Okay, Rebecca, you can come see your brother now," I said. I turned and saw everyone but me and Xavier were sleeping.

"Okay, maybe tomorrow. Get some rest, I'll watch," I said.

"I'll stay up with you," he offered.

"No, your body needs time to heal. Go to sleep," I said.

"You need sleep too," he countered.

"No, I feel I've taken so much from them anyway, the last thing I need to do is take away their sleep too," I said.

"Stop being so hard on yourself, this whole this wasn't your fault. It wasn't anybody's fault, except the whatever he is upstairs," Xavier said wrapping his arms around me. I buried my head in his chest.

"Can you tell me why everyone just automatically thinks I am the leader and in charge?" I asked.

"Because we think you have the best and fastest instincts and the confidence," Xavier said, stroking my hair.

"But I don't wanna," I said like a two year old.

"Someone has to. And everybody else is either injured, caring for the injured, or too young," he said.

"Fine, but it's so hard," I groaned.

"You'll be fineâ€¦hey, Zeph.? Can I ask you something and it not be awkward between us afterward?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, sitting up.

"Do you like me?" he asked. The question caught me off guard. Blood rushed to my cheeks.

"Um, yes," I said. It wasn't a lie, but it was kind of weird, because he was like two years younger than me.

"It's awkward now isn't it?" Xavier asked.

"I'm still talking to you, right?" I responded. Then exhaustion over took me after what felt like hours.

** A/N: Oh no! Everyone is dying now! Are Xavier's and ZePhyre's love for each other going to last or will one of their lives' be cut short. How will Rebecca take the news of her older brother's death? Who is going to be the next to die? Will the basement of the building be their tomb? Will Scarlette and Angel's time be cut short? Trix's heart is broken but will she find no other way to survive without her one year crush? Will the whole story end up looking like the end of Hamlet? Stay interested and wait for the next installment of Love is Murder, coming whenever I get around to writing more! Here have another cookie for staying and reading this long! Ooo! It's a sugar-cookie this time! :)**

End
file.